

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

Hearthstone

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- **Your Child Needs a Hobby—***Gertrude Perlis Kagan*
- **Beware of Your Wants—***Leslie R. Smith*

August, 1954 • 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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God Days or Dog Days

Youngsters in northern Iowa used to think of the month of August as "dog days." There was a sneaking suspicion or superstition that it wasn't quite safe to go swimming during dog days. That vague fear did not stop the regular visits to the "ole swimmin' hole," however.

Recently a manuscript came to our desk with a glaring error. In a sentence where the word "God" should have appeared the typist's fingers had worked in reverse, resulting in the word "dog."

What are you making of August—God days or dog days? On vacation or at work, away from home or at home, this month you can live as a son of God or as brother to the canine family. *Hearthstone* offers help to families to make August God days.

● **What's Here!** . . . Another month of good reading that includes such helpful articles as Gertrude Kagan's suggestions on helping your child find a hobby horse to ride. C. Aubrey Hearn will point out some of the dangers involved in the use of alcoholic beverages and how the home has a big responsibility for creating a climate for abstinence. Something of the home life and background of two of the greatest doctors the world has ever seen, the Mayo brothers, is related by Carol Sneed. Parents of youth will want their adolescents to read Leslie Smith's warning against letting our wants rule our lives too much.

Parents are always concerned about the playmates and friends their children select. Glenn Asquith provides help at this point in his study article.

The fiction section will interest Moms who send their only daughters away to college. Two stories for children, including *Cuddle Bear*, will be eagerly listened to. So be sure *Hearthstone* goes vacationing with you!

● **What's Coming!** . . . School days are in the offing to mother's delight and offspring's regret! Mom will have a little more time (perhaps) to read the September issue of *Hearthstone*. There she will find important problems considered, such as, Bible TV Shows, and should the older folks live by themselves. If she or hubby is interested in antiques, they will get a thrill out of "Vermont Antiques." Lovers of *Little Women* will learn something about the home that produced Louisa May Alcott. How one high school helps prepare its students for family life is the theme of a picture story. Young people will find "So You're on Your Own" especially interesting to them. Hope you'll be looking for us!



—Three Lions

—Painting by Peter Paul Rubens
(Flemish School: 1577-1640)

A Word from The Word

Thomas

Now Thomas, one of the twelve, called the Twin, was not with them when Jesus came. So the other disciples told him, "We have seen the Lord." But he said to them, "Unless I see in his hands the print of the nails, and place my finger in the mark of the nails, and place my hands in his side, I will not believe."

Eight days later, his disciples were again in the house, and Thomas was with them. The doors were shut, but Jesus came and stood among them, and said, "Peace be with you." Then he said to Thomas, "Put your finger here, and see my hands; and put out your hand, and place it in my side; do not be faithless, but believing." Thomas answered him, "My Lord and my God!" Jesus said to him "Have you believed because you have seen me? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe."

—JOHN 20:24-29



—Lil and Al Bloom

Your Child Needs a Hobby

YOU MAY ASK, "Why is a hobby important? Why is it essential for a child to have an outside interest in his spare time?"

In order to insure a child against a feeling of inadequacy, it is important that he cultivate a hobby. It is also desirable that he acquire interests of his own in order that he may become aggressive and self-sufficient when he is outside of the group. He must have the feeling of individual accomplishment in order to build up his security.

Every parent is concerned with his child's future. He wants to have confidence in his child's potentialities for mental and emotional development. He frequently stimulates the child's intellectual interests. He provides him with good books. Much emphasis is also placed on the importance of a well-balanced personality. Every parent is fully cognizant of the value of proper human relationships.

"Hobbies teach children to develop their power of concentrations," one educator states.

What strides are being made by the parent to cultivate in the child the capacity to acquire some degree of independence in order that he may not experience a feeling of futility when he is left to his own resources?

Social adaptation and high scholastic standing are desirable goals. Yet the need for the child

to evaluate his own capabilities should not be overlooked. In the scheme of living, he is, to a certain degree, dependent on others. But it is equally important for a child to learn to live with himself. It is essential that he learn to be resourceful in his spare time. His early years are the time for him to make this adjustment. It is during this formative period that the child is shaping his habits for later life. His adult achievement is attained not in one step, but step by step, over a period of years. In childhood he must learn to evaluate his capacities so that he will know how to make the most of his leisure time in adulthood.

The five-day week in industry is, in itself, an example of the need for the matured individual to have ample outside interests in order to utilize his spare time wisely. The adult who is not capable of devoting his extra time to a wholesome activity is at a disadvantage. The individual who has an outlet for his energy is the person who will prove his worth not only to himself but to the community at large. And this flood of activity does not take root suddenly in adulthood, but stems from childhood.

The wise parent will encourage his child with any hobby in which he may become engrossed or interested. He will foster, but not dominate, any inclination his child may have in this direction.

Rocks became a hobby for our daughter, Carolyn, at the age of four. Her pockets bulged with pebbles and stones. The dresser drawers were filled to capacity. Rocks were stored underneath the Frigidaire for safekeeping.

Actually, I could not ascertain if she was making any geological investigations because her discourse on the subject was limited to the words "gorgeous" and "pretty." But I did encourage her hobby by suggesting that we both feel the stones. I commented on the different shapes and sizes and explained in simple language the science of rocks. When she grew older, she found that an egg carton stuffed with cotton in each groove, was an ideal way to display her polished pebbles. She pasted on the lid of the carton a crayola drawing of a huge rock.

Our daughter has had many subsequent hobbies, such as collecting leaves, bus transfers, feathers and stamps. Fortunately, she has shown an interest in most of these hobbies of her own accord. However, no attempt has ever been made to dissuade her from continuing with any of her hobbies. We always profess a great interest in what she is doing.

The parent whose child cultivates a hobby of his own free will has no problem. The child need never inform the parent that he has acquired a new hobby. It will

nerally manifest itself by the appearance of his room.

Many a parent, when the child requires a hobby, makes the mistake of criticizing him because of temporary disorder in his room while he is assembling his material. With an emotionalized attitude, the parent is discouraging the aggressiveness of his child. The parent who acts in this way is depriving his child of fulfilling a basic need. The child, by reason of this treatment, may eventually adopt an attitude of defeatism. "Why have no hobby? I can't work on it anyway," he is likely to say.

The child who shows no initiative of his own as far as a hobby is concerned, can readily be encouraged by example. His interest can be aroused and stimulated. Visits to hobby shows will help stimulate interest. Handcraft exhibits and flower shows are also recommended.

One parent made a study of counting butterflies in order to assist her child with this hobby. Another parent became so absorbed in assisting his child with a coin collection, that he started one of his own.

In our case, my husband became

philatelically inclined only after he had helped our daughter with her stamp collection.

There are innumerable types of hobbies that your child can develop. Perhaps he would like to select scenic pictures from magazines and mount them on the washable wallpaper with cellophane tape. This leaves no mark on the walls, and your child will be given an opportunity to exercise his own judgment along artistic lines. He can change his collection from time to time.

Making puzzles could be an interesting hobby. The child can paste a large, colorful picture on a shirt cardboard. Then he can cut it into various shaped pieces. When he is through, he will have a fascinating puzzle to assemble. He may want to make some for friends and shut-ins.

A leaf collection can prove to be excitingly different if your child is permitted to dip each leaf in melted wax to preserve it. The glossy finish is attractive and the leaves will retain their original color. My daughter mounts the leaves with cellophane tape on large bright sheets of construction paper.

By Gertrude Perlis Kagan

Bird-feather collections are not merely a pastime, but are also educational. The feathers can identify the birds. For example, my small son says, "This scarlet feather once belonged to a cardinal."

The very young child can improve his cutting skill by cutting pictures out of magazines. The youngster cuts out every type of car he is able to find. Then he pastes them on large sheets of paper. These can be put together, making a book of cars for him to enjoy.

If your child has no hobby, it is worth your while to stimulate his interest. A hobby is more than a source of diversion and education. It is a means of building self-reliance, aggressiveness and confidence within your child. A hobby for your youngster is a means of achievement. And above all, it is a means of teaching him how to associate with himself in his leisure time in order that he may develop ultimately into a useful and active citizen.

—Philip Gendreau, N. Y.

—Eva Luoma



The Citadel of Sobriety

By C. Aubrey Hearn

THE CITADEL of sobriety is the home. The ancient biblical principle,

"Train up a child in the way he should go,
and when he is old he will not depart from it."

—Prov. 22:6

was never truer than when applied to sobriety.

A survey report of high school students in Nassau County, Long Island, New York, made in the fall of 1953, revealed that children start drinking chiefly with their parents. "One of the clear-

est relations found is between abstinence on the part of parents and abstinence of their children," the report stated. "There is no doubt, as shown by the study, that parental attitude is a large factor in the drinking habits of the child."

A survey of the drinking habits of 17,000 college students in 27 colleges, reported in the book *Drinking in College*, published in 1953, reported a similar finding. It was found that 89 per cent of the students whose parents both drink are themselves drinkers. The report shows that parental example is the most important factor in the drinking or nondrinking practices of children. Children are indeed likely to treat drinking as their parents do.

These findings should not be surprising. They merely confirm the biblical principle which Christian parents for centuries have known to be true.

Why Do Parents Drink?

If parents make drinkers of their children, why do they drink? There are many answers but they may be summed up in one sentence: Parents drink because of ignorance of their obligation to their children and to society, and because of their own lack of discipline. "The evils of alcoholism always flourish at the extremes of the social scale, among the idle rich and the desperate poor, and the motive of escape is the explanation in either case."¹ Alcoholism, however, knows no class or race.

In whatever home drinking is done, there is a strong probability that the children will also learn to drink.

What Can Be Done?

What can Christian parents do to safeguard their children from drinking and its antisocial consequence? Here are several suggestions.

1. *Parents can give their children the security of love.* This is the basis of genuine security—tenderness and loving kindness. The finest sentence ever written on child-rearing came from the life of Jesus:

"But whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it were better for him to have a great millstone fastened round his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matt. 18:6). If this foundation is provided by the parents, the rest will be easy.

2. *Parents can provide a wholesome social atmosphere for their children.* It is primarily because of social pressure that people begin to drink. If children are well

¹Albion Roy King, *Basic Information on Alcohol* (Mount Vernon, Iowa, Cornell College Press, 1953), p. 43.

Parents can give their children the security of love.

—H. Armstrong Roberts



rained in social living, if they
ave wholesome leisure-time inter-
ests, the temptation to drink will
e lessened. "Intelligent people
ill always be able to find some
means of adjustment to life, even
he discovery of an escape, with-
ut resort to drugs of any kind.
obbyhorses are of many kinds
nd breeds, and to ride one of
hem is also to make an escape
rom the whelps of human misery.
Athletics, music, art, literature,
he theater, the experience and ac-
ivities of religion, or social serv-
ce organization and politics, are
ll projects which compete with
cohol, giving relief from bore-
om, from the meaninglessness
f modern life. They offer to the
uman spirit its true 'home' in
he works of the wind and spirit."²
uch a hobby as chess, stamp col-
lecting, playing the piano, bird
study, or growing azaleas can
reatly enrich life and provide
he finest antidote to drinking.

3. *Parents can encourage their children to participate in youth character-building organizations.* What finer training can parents give their children than that provided in a Boy or Girl Scout troop? In the acquiring of merit badges many young people have gained valuable skills for living as well as character development. The 4-H clubs have stimulated countless young people to worthy endeavors. Who can measure the good that is done by Y.M.C.A. programs for youth? The youth activities of many churches are among the finest in which young people can engage. Surely all parents who lead their children into such interests are providing for them a positive program of wholesome living and sobriety.

4. *Parents can set the example of sobriety.* While this ought to be apparent, it should nevertheless be mentioned for emphasis. There should be no beer in the refrigerator, no wine in the pantry. No alcoholic beverages in the home will be the best assurance of no drinking by the children.

5. *Parents can give their children the facts about alcohol.* Dr. J. W. F. Emerson affirms that "no

A Parent's Prayer

I ask Thee for a sure and certain skill,
A patient and consecrated will.
I ask Thee for a white and perfect dream,
A vision of the deep and wide Unseen;
Dear Lord, I need these things so much, so much,
A little child lies plastic to my touch.

I ask Thee for a love that understands
When it should reach and when withdraw its hands;
A selflessness that flings the locked door wide,
For Youth to enter while I step aside,
Dear Lord, I need these things so much, so much,
A human soul lies plastic to my touch.

ELEANOR B. STOCK

honest truth concerning any such hazard and handicap to life as alcohol" should be withheld or forgotten in the teaching of children. These facts are available in inexpensive form for any who desire them. Some recommended books are:

It's Smarter Not to Drink, by Robert V. Seliger, M.D.

Basic Information on Alcohol, by Albion Roy King

Alcohol and Christian Responsibility, by Clifford Earle

Alcohol, Culture, and Society, by Claren H. Patrick

Alcohol the Destroyer, by C. Aubrey Hearn

Alcoholism or Abstinence, by C. Aubrey Hearn

6. *Parents can use incidental factors to teach sobriety.* Maybe it is the sight of an auto accident caused by drinking, a drunk staggering on the sidewalk, a display in a liquor store, or a clever beer advertisement on television—these can be made the basis of some revealing statement to the children about the harm of drinking. It is not necessary that some moral be drawn from the observation, but as the Chinese proverb says, "One picture is worth a thousand words."

7. *Parents can teach their children the destructiveness of alcohol.* As the children become teenagers, the teaching of sobriety in the home may be strengthened. The children may be taken on an

automobile tour of Skid Row, on which lasting impressions may be made. They can be taken for a visit to the traffic court, where convictions for driving while intoxicated are frequent. They can be taken to the state penitentiary where an interview with the warden may be had. In the Missouri State Penitentiary, kidnapper Carl Hall was reported shortly before his execution to have said: "Lots of people are in here because of liquor. They usually learn too late." The children may be taken for a visit to a mental institution where inquiries may be made as to the number of admissions due to alcoholism. The family can patronize grocery stores, restaurants, and drugstores where alcoholic beverages are not sold. The family can subscribe to magazines and newspapers which do not advertise liquor.

8. *Parents can demonstrate a vital religious faith.* A deep faith in God which finds expression in the home and in the community will be the best means for teaching the children sobriety. Such a faith will lead to active participation in some church. Humanitarian endeavors for the relief of the poor, the distressed, and the sick offer opportunity for the practical expression of Christian faith. In such projects the whole family can have a part.

Thus in many ways the home, the citadel of sobriety, may teach total abstinence.

²Ibid., p. 45.

Letter to Beverly

A Story by ELLA MAE CHARLTON

ILLUSTRATION BY HARLEY E. STIVERS

MYRA BRITON looked at the clock on the wall and the hands told her it was only 9:00 A.M. She had finished cleaning the house, that is, all but Beverly's room. She wiped two new tears from her eyes and knew that she would have to wait until another day. In fact, she wasn't sure when she would ever be able to do it. She'd known she was going to miss Beverly but somehow she hadn't known it was going to be like this.

She went to the desk and sat down. She'd write and let Beverly know how her loneliness had awakened her long before her usual getting-up time. Could it be that it was only yesterday she and Sam had taken their only child a hundred and fifty miles away and left her at the college? It all seemed vague and unreal and as if it had happened days and weeks ago.

She started the letter, "My darling Beverly: It has been less than twenty-four hours since we left you standing all alone beside your dormitory, but already it seems an eternity. Your daddy tried to get my mind on other things but every time I thought of you standing there my tears started all over again. I would love to know what you are doing this very minute—" Myra heard her name being called from the back door.

"Come on in, Helen," she said as she recognized the voice of her next-door neighbor.

"Oh," Helen Martin said as she

came into the living room, "I see you're writing a letter. You're getting an early start."

"I'm writing Beverly," Myra said.

"Writing Beverly? Why, you saw her less than twenty-four—"

"Yes, yes, I know," Myra interrupted.

"Well, I think," Helen hesitated a moment, "that Beverly needs time to adjust herself to the newness of everything—that is, maybe if you waited a day or two—you miss her so much now—"

"Surely you don't think I'll miss her less later on. I simply don't know, Helen, what I'm going to do."

"Well," Helen smiled and her blue eyes twinkled, "I have something I want you to do right now. I want you to go with me to the polio ward at the hospital and give a manicure to a couple of people there. I'm going to give a wave set."

"But I'm not a manicurist—I—"

"Neither am I a beauty operator but we won't get paid, that is, in dollars and cents, so it's all right. I want us to be off in fifteen minutes."

"But I won't have time to finish my letter and get dressed that soon."

"Wait until later to write and you can tell Beverly about what you've been doing. You'll really

have something to write about then."

FORTY-FIVE minutes later in the polio ward, Myra marveled at the high morale of the patients. Some of them had been there many months, yet their spirits were high. She gave manicures to a girl about sixteen years of age and a young woman who had been a patient for almost a year. There were two other women in the ward and Myra thought they might feel terribly left out if she did not ask them if they wanted manicures. The eagerness in their eyes gave them away although they replied that they didn't want to cause her any trouble. She promised to be back two mornings later.

As she and Helen were leaving the young woman took her hand and said, "We know we aren't going any place and it may seem to you that you've wasted a good bit of time, but if you could only know how good it is to realize that we are not forgotten, to know that somebody in our world of yesterday remembers we're still around. . ."

Myra felt a lump rise in her throat. Her words were almost a whisper as she said, "I'll see you day after tomorrow when I come to give these other ladies a manicure. I'll be back to give you another one next week."

She had to hurry when she was home to have lunch ready by the time Sam arrived. It was after they had eaten and the dishes

ere done that the telephone rang. he voice at the other end of the ne was that of a woman in her hurch who had charge of the recreational program for the older ults of the church.

"I need some help, Myra," she aid. "We're having a hobby display for our older adults this afternoon and I'm wondering if ou can take several of them in our car, and I'd also like you to ay and see the hobbies and so n. We need a few younger people to lend a little inspiration."

"I'm afraid I can't," Myra began; "I have several things I want o do this afternoon."

"But," insisted the woman, isn't it something that you can o later? This is important; we really need you."

Myra hesitated. She wanted to ay home, write Beverly, and ave the whole afternoon to think. he didn't want to do what this woman was asking her to do. She rasn't interested in hobbies.

"I don't believe I can today— really," Myra hedged, "I do need o stay home—"

"If you could only know how much this means to our older people I'm sure you'd decide to do it."

Something inside Myra made her change her mind. "All right," she said, "I'll do it."

When she looked at the clock she realized that she wouldn't have time to do anything except get dressed and go. The letter to Beverly? The postman had already passed and she wouldn't have time to take it to the post office. She would have to put it off until that night.

WHEN Myra reached the church with her four passengers she was amazed at the display of versatile hobbies. The minutes slipped away and before she knew it the time had come to go home.

Her last passenger was a little woman, eighty-two years old. She stood by the side of the car, seemingly reluctant to let Myra go.

She clasped Myra's hand in hers. "We appreciate what you younger people are doing for us."

Tears stood in Myra's dark brown eyes as she drove away. She knew that they were really tears of regret. This was the first time she had given any thought to the older people of her church, much less attention. And how near she had come to not doing it this time! But it was not going to be the last. She would call the superintendent of the home department and see if there was anything else she could do.

Suddenly she remembered Beverly. She almost jumped. How long had it been since the thought of her only child had crossed her mind? If anybody had told her that on the first day of Beverly's absence she could forget her for two whole hours she wouldn't have believed them.

THAT NIGHT after the supper dishes were put away and Sam was reading the evening paper, she went to the desk and got out the letter. She looked at the words she had written and knew she could not send it. After all, it had been a good bit more than twenty-



It had been less than twenty-four hours since they had left her standing all alone beside her dormitory, but already it seemed an eternity.

Melody

Melody is birdsong,
The drowsy hum of bees,
The cheery trill of crickets,
Wind whispering in trees.

Melody is laughter
Of a little child,
A merry lad's queer whistle,
Soft calls of all things wild.

But melody the sweetest,
No matter where one roams,
Is kindness of voices
Heard in happy homes.

BERTHA R. HUDELSON

four hours since they left Beverly standing in front of her dormitory.

She began a new letter, "My darling Beverly: Now that a busy day is over I want to tell you all about it. But first, I want to tell you how much I've missed you and can hardly keep my mind on anything else. I cooked your favorite broiled steak for supper but I couldn't enjoy it for thinking of you. I hope the food is good and that you stay well. The thought of your being ill away from home makes me simply—"

The telephone rang and when Myra answered she heard Helen say, "What are you doing?"

"Well," Myra said a bit shortly, "I'm trying to get the letter written that I haven't had a minute to write today."

Helen hesitated a moment, then she said, "Bill and I were just driving down to the store to check something he forgot before he left. We thought you and Sam might like to ride with us. We're going to stop at the Snowdrift for a malt on the way back."

Myra laughed, "You know my weakness. I guess I can finish my letter when we get back."

But it was much later when they were back than Myra had supposed it would be. Bill and Helen decided to go by a friend's house and it was past Myra's usual bedtime when they got home.

"It's terrible," she said to Sam

as she was getting into bed, "that I simply have not had time to write Beverly today. I wouldn't have believed I could ever be that busy."

"I wouldn't be surprised if she hasn't been pretty busy herself," he said sleepily.

THE NEXT morning when Myra had her work done she went again to the desk. Nothing was going to interfere this time. She looked at the letter she had written the night before. She certainly could not send that; she would have to start all over. She had not written the first word when she heard Helen calling to her from the back door. A feeling of irritation passed over her. Helen had always been a good neighbor but it looked as if she were becoming a pesky one now.

"I've just done the most dreadful thing," she began, her voice edged with distress. "You know those two old ladies down the street whom I take to the grocery every Wednesday?"

"Yes, I know," Myra said.

"I completely forgot this was the day," Helen went on, "and Bill took the car to the garage this morning. I can't possibly get it back before late this afternoon. I was wondering—"

"Yes, I know," Myra interrupted. "You were wondering if I could take them. Maybe I will, but not until I've finished this letter."

"But," Helen said, "they're all dressed and ready. Mrs. Hunt called and wants to go on because she's expecting company for lunch. They are such nice old ladies and they do appreciate the ride. You know how it would be if you had groceries to get and no car."

Myra sighed. "All right, but I'll be ready to go in a jiffy. I want to get back and have this letter ready when the postman gets here."

It seemed to Myra that the two old ladies were in no hurry to complete their shopping but she tried to be patient.

As she came into the driveway Myra saw that her postman had already passed. He was a little earlier than usual. It was begin-

ning to seem that she might as well give up getting a letter off to Beverly. But she knew that regardless of what happened she would get it written and mailed before the day was over.

She was surprised to find a letter from Beverly in the box. Her hands shook a little as she tore it open. A thousand thoughts raced through her mind: *What if Beverly is so homesick that she will not stay—what if she is terribly unhappy and wants us to come for her!* Eagerly Myra read: "Dear Mom and Dad: Just a note to let you know registration is over. Here's my schedule—" Myra's eyes flew over the classes and the time they would come. She could look over that later; now she wanted to know what else Beverly had written them.

She continued reading, "I think I'll like my roommate fine. She doesn't talk much but I like that. There's a girl down the hall who wants to get me a date with an ex-boy friend and from all I hear he must be quite a cat. Can't wait to meet him.

"I wore the blue skirt and did I ever get the compliments on it. I'd like to have a gray one just like it. And, by the way, I forgot those red pajamas with the black on them. Please send them when you can.

"Got to run—a million things to do. Miss ya both. Love, Bev."

MYRA let the letter fall to her lap. Then she read it again. Beverly didn't sound as if she were minding being away from home at all! It took Myra a few minutes to face the situation squarely. Was she actually hoping that Beverly would be homesick? No, she knew she wasn't, but she had to admit to herself that it would have made her feel better to think that Beverly was missing them.

She would answer the letter right then and Sam could mail it when he went back to town after lunch.

Helen's voice made her look up from the paper. *How much of a nuisance can a person get to be?*

(Continued on page 30)

"Our Father Taught Us"

On breezy spring days of the late 1860's, two boys could be seen flying their kite on the hills above Rochester, Minnesota. With them there was often a third figure, so small and boyish that he looked like a brother. It was Dr. William Worral Mayo, their father.

Impatient when the kite began to pitch, he would take the string to help them. —More often than not the kite would dive to earth or into a tree—much to the delight of the boys.

The Mayos had lost two children. Overjoyed when two girls came along and lived, they determined to raise their children right. Rare was the day when Dr. Mayo didn't find time to play with his children.

"Easy there, boy!" or "Hold it steady, Will!" Dr. Mayo would be shouting as he helped one or the other wobble down the street on the newfangled bicycle he had bought them. He would run be-

hind shouting advice and encouragement. When little Charlie got on, though, Dr. Mayo would slip his hand under the seat, unseen, to steady the machine and prevent the little rider from suffering undue injuries.

As far as Will and Charlie were concerned, Sunday was the best day of all. This was the day when Mrs. Mayo would pack a big picnic lunch, if the weather was good. She would round up the doctor, and he would hitch up the carriage. Laughing and singing, they would all set out for the woods. There the four children would tumble about and explore the woods. Mrs. Mayo, being an amateur botanist, taught the children much about the trees, plants, and flowers that they found, while the boys scurried around, trying to find pets to take home. Sometimes an interesting spider caught their eye. At other times a toad, turtle, or a grasshopper was seized for the family collection or dropped

down a sister's back unexpectedly.

In winter, Dr. and Mrs. Mayo and the children engaged in wild snowfights with each other and with anyone else who might be passing by. Or they would build a snowman, dress it, and give it the name of one of the town dignitaries.

Dr. Mayo believed in balancing play with work. As soon as the boys reached school age, they were drafted to help in his office. After school each day, they swept it out, cleaned the equipment, and acted as receptionist for the patients. The experience gave them a sense of responsibility. They learned courtesy, dependability, cooperation, and were not jolted to learn that success demands hard work.

As the boys grew older, each was taught to harness the horses and to drive their father on the round of calls that he made each day. The sight of the little doctor sitting sedately in the carriage in his top hat and Prince Albert, with one of his sons driving pell-mell across the countryside became a comforting sight to the townspeople.

By working with their father in this way, Will and Charlie gained an early interest in medicine. As Dr. Mayo examined or operated on patients, they were by his side. Later he would explain his actions or diagnosis. Once, in the middle of an operation, the man who was giving the anesthetic to the patient fainted. Without a word Charles, about twelve at the time, stepped up and continued to administer the anesthetic, much to the delight of his father.

Dr. Mayo was able to give his sons a very broad picture of life. Born in England, he had studied



Doctor and Mrs. Mayo with Sarah, Phoebe, and Gertrude



—Mayo Foundation

Will and his pony

chemistry under John Dalton. One day, without any good-byes, he had left England and had come to America. Here he went to work as a tailor, and opened a men's store. Tiring of that he became a pharmacist in a drugstore, a steamboater on the Mississippi, and an assistant teacher in a medical school.

After Dr. Mayo settled down

Little brother Charlie

—Mayo Foundation



and devoted more time to medicine, he still worked at other jobs. He spent two months taking a census of the settlers living around Lake Superior. Then he went into partnership in a newspaper office. The newspaper venture lasted only three months, for Dr. Mayo was not a journalist. Part of the boys' early life was spent on a farm, for Dr. Mayo had decided to try farming as a sideline.

While Dr. Mayo was keeping up his large practice, he was very active in civic affairs. Dr. Mayo worked almost constantly for improvement in sanitary conditions, and for an improvement in the educational system of Rochester. He served as a state legislator, city councilman, and also as mayor of Rochester. Being very outspoken in his beliefs, he was constantly fighting with the city council. The fights were discussed around the dinner table, and from them the boys acquired a sense of civic duty which they retained. They grew up with the idea that medicine should be used to help others, and not to make money for one's self.

Their education in medicine continued. When Dr. Mayo was gone, Mrs. Mayo would set broken bones, or prescribe medicine for certain ailments, often asking the boys to help her. The Mayos never had much money to spare, but what they did have went largely for books on medicine, much to Mrs. Mayo's dismay. The boys were encouraged to read medical books and periodicals at an early age. Whenever the doctor had any free time, he taught his boys chemistry.

The boys grew up and went away to medical school, first Will, then Charles. They did well, as a result of their early training, and the close relationship between the boys and their father continued. When Will finished medical school, his father took him into his practice.

Some of the elder Dr. Mayo's patients were not pleased. When they sent for Dr. Mayo, they wanted the *old* Dr. Mayo and not that young whippersnapper, Will. If Will came, and a patient refused to admit him, Dr. Mayo sent

his son back again. Once Will had to go to one house five times before he was permitted to treat the patient.

Dr. Mayo determined to get acceptance for Will in Rochester. Finally he went with Will to take the State Board examination and to receive a license. The older Dr. Mayo was exempt from taking it because of his many years of practice. When both passed with high marks and were recognized as competent by the state, Will found himself more welcome in Rochester sickrooms.

If Will had a tough battle to gain acceptance as a doctor, Charlie had an even tougher time. Charlie did not have the dignity of manner that Will had. He was the extrovert type. He was everyone's pal, who looked and usually acted like a tousled schoolboy. Years passed before Charles was recognized as a competent doctor by the townspeople.

The boys, as men, grew more and more like their father. Traits that had been strong in him were strong in them also. Dr. Mayo had always been what is now termed a "self-made man." He had worked hard for whatever success he earned; his boys, too, had the same sort of rugged independence.

Although the little doctor recognized his sons as competent doctors, even he had a hard time accepting them as surgeons. In those days surgery was a new and dangerous art. One resorted to it only in emergencies.

One day Dr. Mayo, Sr., had an ovarian tumor case which had to be operated on at once. He called in several doctors from as far away as Chicago to watch him perform the feat. He and a famous surgeon were to arrive by train. Will was at the station, waiting for the two doctors to arrive. Two trains came and went and there was no sign of them. The operation had to be performed.

Dr. Will asked the patient if she would mind if he removed the tumor. When she said that she did not, he went to work. He had just finished when Dr. Mayo walked in. He looked at his son,

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Mayo, and their home in
Le Sueur from 1859 through 1863



—Mayo Foundation



Everybody on the frontier called him the
“little doctor”

and the tumor which he had removed, completely flabbergasted. The doctor who had accompanied Dr. Mayo laughed until he was helpless. Here was Dr. Mayo's prize case and his son, a mere youth, had stolen it.

The boys took the gifts which they had inherited from their father—kindness, humility, faith in the future, and a constant quest for knowledge—and added the

steadiness and quiet faith of their mother. To these they added the drive and ambition that was theirs. From it that unique combination, the Mayo Brothers, emerged. They pursued the dreams of their father and reached out beyond them to form the Mayo Clinic, a mighty memorial to Dr. Mayo's success in achieving what he most wanted, to raise his sons right.

Emerson said that “an institu-

tion is the lengthened shadow of a man.” Where can we find greater evidence of this truth than in the lives of the Mayo brothers? Before them constantly was the spirit of their father. He encouraged them, led them on, and, when necessary, pushed them on toward their destiny.

The boys never forgot how their father had guided them along the

(Continued on page 30)

You want "the best" for your children, but what is "the best"?

Beware of Your Wants

By Leslie R. Smith

WE LIVE in a day of so many needs and such crying "wants" that many a Christian parent is losing his way. Secularism besieges us on every hand. The din of radio commercials is constantly in our ears. The bland and subtle appeals of the television pierce our minds through the eye gate. Newspapers and periodicals have gone all-out in color and space to catch our attention, to whet our appetites, and to increase our wants. As we speed along our highways, billboards scream at us concerning new and indispensable gadgets. We live in a secular age, forcefully promoted and mercilessly demanding. The result? Not just our children, but we parents are victimized by an ever-increasing number of "wants." Little wonder that being so harassed we develop warped ideas of life and its purpose; of religion and its value.

Let us look into our hearts. We need to go deeper than the casual declaration that we want the best for our children. That "best" is a tricky word. It has developed a meaning of degree rather than of quality. It is applied more to *things* than to morals and spirit. Too many of us want our children to be "successful," or "popular," or "well educated," or "financially independent," or "well married." If questioned about character, we shrug our shoulders and say, "Why, of course we want our children to be upright!" As though such an end could be taken for granted, forgetting that what is taken for granted usually deteriorates; as though possession of things spiritual could not be avoided, forgetting the need of discipline; as though integrity and uprightness were the outgrowth of accumulated material possessions when in reality we have been taught the exact opposite: "Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness" and then all these other things, as they are necessary, will be added.

Perhaps we parents should awake to the fact that we are spawning a perverse generation! We are doing so because we ourselves are lost. How can blind parents lead children who have never yet seen? Perhaps our prayer should be, "God be merciful to us sinners." This is shockingly distasteful to most of

us but let us, with open mind, look more closely at the matter.

First, let us note that there is a law of life which says that we finally get what we want. Desire a thing deeply enough and constantly enough and at long last it will be granted. This is not only sound psychology, but it is good religion. Herein lies the reason why we are admonished to think upon those things that are just and honorable. There is a correlate to this truth. If we do not long for the right things, then our lives are thwarted and meager. Deep was the insight of the Old Testament writer who penned, "He [God] gave them their desires; but sent leanness into their souls." William Law, the saint of the Middle Ages who helped to call the Church of England away from its life of spiritual degeneration, forcefully pointed out: "Now all trouble and uneasiness is founded in the want of something or other: would we, therefore, know the true cause of our troubles and disquiets, we must find out the cause of our wants; because that which creates and increaseth our wants, does in the same degree, create and increase our troubles and disquiets."

As has already been indicated, we parents belong to a world which is doing everything in its power to increase our wants. And too many of us have surrendered to the trend. Now this would not be so bad, if we could keep this knowledge from our children. But the third fact about our wants is that they so influence our lives that through us they influence our children toward the same things. Our children, too often, become our own reflection!

For example, our wants influence our conversation, and our conversation influences our children. About what do you talk? About stocks and bonds? About clothes? About new cars? About things, things, things? Or do you talk about love, brotherhood, peace, generosity, and so forth? What proportion of your time in spent in talking about the former? About the latter? Is not the implication evident? Is it not likely that your emphasis upon a multitude of things, and anxiety over not having them just adds



—H. Armstrong Roberts

to the secular bombardment which is educating youth to desire them more and more?

What is true of conversation is just as true of time. What is the proportion of time spent in securing things, and that spent seeking God? But, you will say, "We must work to make a home for our children." True. But most of us could spend more time in things religious than we do. For what holds our attention will hold the attention of our children.

And what shall we say of example? Have you ceased having grace since the children grew too big to say their prayers because you as a parent would not pray with them? Do you go all-out for some business engagement, while you are kept home from church just because some friends came in? Children are not easily fooled, you know. Not nearly so easily as parents!

Is it not true that through our conversation, our example, our prayer, we have intensified the secular pressure upon our young people? Should not our emphasis shift from financial success to spiritual growth; from popularity to moral strength; from mere matter to what matters most?

Sit down and have it out with yourself. Just what *dó* you want for your children? Do you really want them, more than anything else, to be moral, upright, honest, clean, humble, loving, sharing, kind, reverent? Are you willing to make the necessary adjustments and sacrifices in your own life to bring these desires into reality?

Here are some simple helps which you may amplify and apply to your own situation. Balance your conversation. Let at least as much or more be said about spiritual things as material values. Instead of constantly harping on the matter of money and unnecessary expenditures, have a set budget and set times for discussing that budget. In the meantime try not to bring up the matter.

Let your conversation drift toward evaluations. Instead of letting your child fret over the beautiful red convertible which a friend has, in mutual thought try to ascertain whether he is old enough or wise enough to appreciate what he has; just what is the car doing to his schoolwork; what blessings you have which you may have been overlooking.

(Continued on page 31)

Tea at 10

Communing with friends, family and the ones who serve you as well as your God over a cup of tea at ten o'clock each morning is refreshing to the body and the soul.



A STURDY KNOCK sounded at my kitchen door. I switched off my electric iron to answer it. Standing on the steps was seven-year-old Anne, the little lame girl who lives up the street. In her hand was a little package. On her face was an eager, expectant expression.

"Mrs. Brewer, are you going to have tea this morning?" she asked, and then added, "It's almost ten o'clock and I made the sandwiches. They're peanut butter ones."

"Why, it is almost ten o'clock," I told her, opening wide the door. "And of course I shall have tea. I always have tea at ten, you know. And it's grand of you to make the sandwiches."

While little Anne limped into my kitchen and settled herself in one of the seats in our small breakfast nook, I put the teakettle on the range, brought out the yellow cups and the blue napkins.

And just at ten o'clock we settled ourselves at the narrow table in the nook for cups of weak tea and conversation.

This morning Anne wanted to talk about flowers. Her father had made her a pansy bed and she herself had set out the plants. There were twenty of them—enough, she believed, to have a bouquet of pansies each day—a bouquet to give away. Anne listed the people to whom she intended to give them.

At exactly fifteen minutes after ten o'clock, Anne reached for her crutches. She knew the tea hour was over and I must return to my ironing. She wanted to wash the cups but I told her I'd do that as I prepared for dinner. At the door, she turned to flash me a smile and give a promise, "I'm going to bring you my first pansy blooms," and then another, "I'll be back for tea some morning soon."

"Do come," I smiled, "and I'll be expecting that bouquet."

Yesterday it was the "apron woman" who was my guest at tea. Donald gave her the title "apron woman" because she comes once a month to offer me the beautiful aprons she makes and sells to supplement her husband's small salary.

She knows I always have tea at ten o'clock in the morning. And because I have told her to drop in if she's near our home at ten o'clock, she sometimes stops although she knows I do not want to buy any more aprons at that time.

Yesterday morning we talked about the little mission church she attends, and the church school she helped organize there. She started the conversation with a recital of a few of her troubles. She ended it with the story of her success in getting together enough women for an adult class. And when she left my kitchen, her dark eyes were shining and the stoop was out of her shoulders.

It is tragic, isn't it, that we talk so much about our failures when the recital of even a little success changes us from drab personalities into shining ones? My apron woman brought the force of that fact to me.

Years ago I started the custom of having tea at ten o'clock on a day when I was canning beans. My back was weary from the work of washing them many times before I put them into cans to go into the pressure cooker. My hands were stained and rough from breaking the hulls. My temper was so strained that I told my little sons to stay out of the kitchen lest I be cross.

Suddenly I remembered my mother's kitchen on canning days. No matter how heavy was the can-

(Continued on page 28)

By Nancy Brewer

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

Theme for August: GOD'S LOVE IS SURE

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds, (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters; he restores my soul.

*He leads me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.*

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

*I fear no evil;
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff,
they comfort me.*

*Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
thou anointest my head with oil,
my cup overflows.*

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in the house of
the LORD for ever.*

—PSALM 23

Through the ages, this psalm probably has brought comfort and peace to more persons than any other one passage of scripture.

Life contains so many uncertainties that one finds himself searching for something or someone dependable and constant. Already your three-year-old has begun his search. He needs the confidence which comes from the feeling that he is loved by you. You want him to feel also the security of God's love. He is too young to understand much of that yet. However, you can begin to help him be aware of God's love and care as you point out and enjoy the evidences of the dependability of God's laws. For example, God planned the day. For your three-year-old, the day is a time to play. Sometimes there is rain; sometimes there is sunshine, but after every night, there is day. There is night. For the three-year-old, nighttime should be a time for rest. At the close of each day, there is night. That is part of God's plan. The book, *Nursery Songs and Rhythms*,¹ contains several songs about God's love and care. You and your child can enjoy singing these songs. They may help your child become aware of God's love.

¹Order from your publishing house.

—RNS



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

GLAD FOR GOD'S LOVE

We give thanks to thee, O God;
we give thanks.—PSALM 75:1.

I Thank Thee

For the sun's bright light,
That helps make us strong;
For each bird that fills
The air with its song;
Dear God, I thank Thee.

For the many things
You give us to eat;
For our parents' care,
So tender and sweet;
Dear God, I thank Thee.

—GEORGE RYDER

GOD'S LOVE IS FOR ALL

God's Care

A little bird that flies and sings
Has feathers, feet, a head, and wings;
A squirrel that gathers nuts to eat
Has head and tail and four good feet.

A boy or girls has ears and eyes
And friends or parents kinds and wise;
For God, whose love is over all,
Gives care to creatures large and small.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Prayer

Thank you, God, for planning ways to care
for birds and squirrels and boys and girls—and
everyone. Amen.

SURE OF GOD'S LOVE

Our Father's Care

God, our Father, shows little birds
How to build a nest.
How to choose the wisps of hay.
Just what would be the best.

He helps them find the feathers
To make nests soft and warm.
Then shows them where to build
Up high, away from harm.

If God takes care of little birds
I'm sure as I can be
That He has planned in many ways
For taking care of me.

—WINONA MACMULLAN

Prayer

I'm glad, dear God, for your love and care.
Amen.

GOD'S LOVE IS ALL THE TIME

Bedtime Prayer

I thank you, God,
For hours of play
You gave to me
This lovely day.

I thank you, God,
For quiet night,
A time to rest
From day's delight.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

A Happy Thought

I can be sure of God's love all through every
day, wherever I am. I can be sure of God's
love all through every night. I'm glad for
God's love.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

GLAD FOR GOD'S LOVE

We give thanks to thee, O God;
we give thanks.—PSALM 75:1.

Thanksgiving

I thank you, God, for home and food,
For parents kind and dear;
I thank you, God, for showing me
That you are always near.

I thank you, God, for teachers, friends,
For nights and joyful days;
For all your many loving gifts
I offer thanks and praise.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

GOD'S LOVE IS FOR ALL

God Knows

An ant hill is a tiny thing;
A mountain peak is high,
But God knows all about each one—
How it is made, and why.

He knows about the ocean deep,
About the stars, the sun;
He knows about the folks He's made—
His children, every one.

I'm glad God knows about His folks
Both here and everywhere,
I'm glad He loves each one of us
And for us all will care.

—TARA TEAGAN

Prayer

Dear God, I'm glad your love extends to
people everywhere. I'm glad you made the
earth and planned for all the creatures, both
large and small. I'm glad you care for me.
Amen.

SURE OF GOD'S LOVE

God Cares for Me

God has so many things to do:
He frosts the earth with snow;
He sends the sun to warm the earth,
And rain to make things grow.

He paints the flowers with colors bright,
Then sets them out to dry;
He hangs each lovely, shining star
Above us in the sky.

God has so many things to do,
He's busy as can be—
And, yet, He never once forgets
To love and care for me.

—DOROTHY WALTER

Prayer

Thank you, God, for planning so many things
to make this world beautiful and wonderful.
I'm glad you planned good ways to care for
boys and girls. Amen.

GOD'S LOVE IS ALL THE TIME

Sleep-Time Prayer

Our Father-God, we come to you
As we go to rest—
Thank you for the day we've had,
The lovely times you've blessed;

Thank you for these hours now
Blessed with starry light,
Thank you for this quiet time,
For this restful night;

We will go to sleep and know
That you are very near—
We feel thankful, our dear Lord,
That you are always here.

—ESTHER FRESHMAN

Cuddle Bear Goes for Fun

By Anne M. Halladay



CUDDE BEAR's paws swung back and forth, as he walked down the path from the old mine in Piney Forest.

Cuddle Bear's mouth was turned up at the corners in a little grin. He was thinking about the sly answer he had made to Cinnamon Bear's question earlier that morning.

Cinnamon Bear had come over to the mine to ask, "Do you want to go up along Stony hill today and pick chokecherries with Sammy Squirrel and me?"

Now of course, Cuddle Bear did want to go. Cuddle Bear was always looking for something to do. But today he felt lazy. The Stony hill part was all right, but the picking chokecherries was not. So Cuddle Bear had been very careful how he answered.

"Yes, I will go with you and Sammy." But that was all Cuddle Bear had answered. He grinned now again as he thought of it. He had not said one word about picking chokecherries. Nor did he intend to pick any. He really did not need the basket he was carrying at all. He was just taking that along for the look of the thing.

"I'll fool Cinnamon Bear and Sammy Squirrel and just go for the fun of it and none of the work," he promised himself.

As he pushed through the thimbleberry bushes, a flash of red in one of the trees along the river bank caught his eye.

Sammy Squirrel was already there waiting.

"Where's Cinnamon Bear?" Cuddle Bear called. He did not like to wait.

Then, as if in answer, there came the crunch of gravel on the path behind him and Cinnamon Bear ran into the clearing.

"I went over to get Grandpa Grizzly's basket," Cinnamon Bear panted. "He just loves chokecherries and it is hard for him to climb Stony hill."

Cuddle Bear stood still and looked at his friend.

That Cinnamon Bear! How silly he was! As if one basket to fill were not enough. Well, Cinnamon would know before the day was over that he, Cuddle Bear, thought even one basket was too many. He would show Cinnamon Bear and Sammy what real fun was.

The walk up Stony hill did not seem long. The sun was warm but a little breeze fanned through the trees along the path and sent the aspen leaves whirling into tiny flashes of sunlight above them.

In no time at all they reached the chokecherry thicket.

"Let's hurry and pick a lot," Sammy Squirrel chattered and scampered ahead.

It was then that the sly little grin came back to turn Cuddle Bear's mouth up at the corners again. He tossed his basket on the grass of the slope.

"I am not going to pick chokecherries. I am going to watch you work. I just came for the fun."

So saying, Cuddle Bear walked over and sat down with his fuzzy little back against a warm rock in the sunshine.

Sammy Squirrel flicked his red tail a time or two and looked at Cinnamon Bear. Cinnamon Bear stood perfectly still and stared at Cuddle Bear. Cinnamon Bear's mouth even dropped open a little but no one said a word, not even Cuddle Bear.

Cuddle Bear just leaned a little more against the rock and went on grinning over this joke he was playing on his two friends. But somehow he was not very comfortable. A queer little feeling grew up inside him as he watched them. They did not seem to think it was as funny as he had expected they would.

In fact, Cinnamon Bear and Sammy Squirrel soon got over their surprise and fell to picking chokecherries and talking and laughing at their own jokes.

"Look, Cinnamon Bear, these are big ones!"

"And here are more."

Drop, drop, drop, the cherries fell into their baskets.

Cuddle Bear joked and talked with them from his seat by the rock. He still thought that he was being a pretty smart little bear. This way he was having all the fun without any of the work.

Then something happened.

Sammy Squirrel scampered across the slope beyond the thicket and climbed up on a high ledge where some large chokecherry bushes had grown out from the cracks in the rocks.

"Oh, Cinnamon Bear, great big ones!" called Sammy Squirrel.

Cinnamon Bear went scurrying.

"You hold the basket, and I will drop them down to you," Sammy chattered.

Now as soon as Cinnamon Bear reached the foot of the ledge, Cuddle Bear noticed something. He could not hear the chatter any more. And there was no place along the ledge where he could sit.

That Sammy! He would spoil the fun!

Cuddle Bear leaned back against his rock for a time. He could hear enough to know that Sammy and Cinnamon were laughing and talking together but he could not make out what they were saying. Nor could he toss in any word or two of his own. In fact, he was left very much behind and alone. This was no fun at all, at all.

"Maybe they will come back," he told himself.

But Sammy Squirrel and Cinnamon Bear did not come back. In fact they seemed to be going farther and farther away. They were not even missing him!

At last it all was just too much for Cuddle Bear. He rolled over and picked up his basket. Soon he was padding across the slope toward the ledge.

"Hi, Cuddle Bear!" Sammy Squirrel spied him first.

"So you did come to pick after all," Cinnamon Bear added, as Cuddle Bear dropped a few cherries into his basket.

"Oh, well," Cuddle Bear soothed his pride by answering, "I thought I would pick a few into my basket for Grandpa Grizzly."

And even though Cuddle Bear had said this without much meaning it at first, as soon as he had spoken the words, this seemed to him a wonderful idea and he began to pick faster.

Drop, drop, the cherries began to make a dark pile inside his basket. Soon they were all chatting together again. Cuddle Bear was quite the gayest of the three.

Why, this was fun, fun!

Cuddle Bear even went on picking after Cinnamon Bear and Sammy had filled their baskets and sat down to rest.

By third crow call, as the sun began to creep down toward the pine tops, three baskets were full.

"I'm going to put my chokecherries on top of that flat stone by my tree where they can dry in the sun. Then I will store them away," Sammy Squirrel planned as they trudged down Stony hill.

"I am going to take mine home and my mother will make jam from them," Cinnamon Bear's tongue ran around his lips at the very thought of it.

"And I'll take mine to Grandpa Grizzly." The corners of Cuddle Bear's mouth were turning up again. But this time it was not to grin but to smile. For already Cuddle Bear was seeing the pleased look in Grandpa Grizzly's eyes when the old bear should see Cuddle's gift for him.

Doing something was fun after all. Especially when you were doing it for somebody else.

Cool, Cool Water

By Grace V. Schillinger

"Did you water the baby chicks, Sally?" Mrs. Kane asked as the family sat down to supper.

"What?" Sally took a big drink of ice-cold lemonade. My, how good it tasted on a hot night. "Oh, . . . yes, I did," she answered, not really thinking what she said.

But she hadn't watered the chickens. When she fed them before supper, there was just a tiny bit of water in their fountain. Her mother called just then saying supper was ready, so she tried to make herself believe they would get along all right until morning. She would fill the water fountain clear full in the morning, she thought.

Mrs. Kane passed the food to Mr. Kane and Sally. She ate almost half of her supper before she realized she had told a lie to her mother. Just as she lifted the second glass of lemonade to her lips she remembered. She thought of

the baby chicks with no water. How awful it would be to eat dry feed like the baby chicks had with no water to help wash it down.

Sally glanced at her mother. Then at her father. Every time she looked at the sparkling ice in her lemonade she felt more guilty than ever.

Sally let out a big loud sigh.

"What's the matter, Sally? Aren't you going to finish your supper?" her mother asked.

Sally bowed her head. Those poor little chicks . . . she thought. "Mom . . ." she began slowly, "I told you a lie. I didn't water the baby chicks."

"Well?" her mother waited for her to go on.

"Are you real mad at me, Mom? I'll not lie to you again . . . not ever!"

Mrs. Kane smiled a sweet Mom-loves-you-still smile at Sally. "If you're sorry, Sally, it's all right."

Sally jumped up from her chair and raced out of the house and down the path to the chicken coop. She filled the water fountain with good cold water from the well. The baby chicks dipped their little bills into the water and then held their heads up high so the water would run down. It looked to Sally like they were laughing and saying, "Thank you."

For just a second Sally looked up. "Forgive me, God, for lying to my mother." Then she ran pell-mell back to her place at the table.

"My, the supper is good tonight, Mom." She took a deep drink of lemonade. "Especially the lemonade."



Our children's friends often exert greater decisive influence than do Father and Mother

Helping Them Choose Right Companions

ROBERTSON of Brighton is a name familiar to most clergymen the world around, and is one held in great reverence in the English church. Few, however, know that Frederick W. Robertson might have been a cavalry officer except for the influence of a companion. In his late teens, while awaiting his call to service, Frederick met a man named Davies who changed his whole outlook on life and service, and persuaded him to choose the ministry rather than the army. Even though his parents hoped

that he would become a clergyman, it was the companion who exerted the final influence.

Despite the fact that we, as parents, would like to have it otherwise, the same holds true of our children—their friends and companions often exert greater decisive influence than do the fathers and mothers. For that reason alone it is highly important that our young people be trained to choose right companions. But how is this to be done?

Surely, modern life is so com-

plex as compared to the world of our own childhood that many difficulties face young people as they seek chums who will play with them, study with them, and, in many instances, marry them in later years. The places where other young people may be met are far more numerous than in former years, and the character of the places has changed.

Take the public school, for instance. There was a time when the neighborhood determined the class of children to be found in a school.

—Eva Luoma



Study Article and Study Guide

By Glenn H. Asquith

In helping with a birthday party, the parents can supervise the guest list and be sure that the boys and girls are all suitable and congenial.

The "respectable" went to one school, and the "other-side-of-the-tracks" boys and girls went to another. Now there is little distinction. Union wage scales have broken down the barrier of isolated or restricted communities. It is a rare neighborhood today that can claim to be inhabited by one nationality, one religious group, one political entity. Therefore, our children will rub shoulders with Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and near-atheists. This is true, also, in the rural areas where the central school system is bringing together town people, country people, and migrants. Naturally, our sons and daughters will not see the basic differences of character and ideals so apparent to us—they will be moved by simple likes and dislikes. In brief, the school is no longer a small and homogeneous group but a large and complicated gathering of all kinds of people.

Stemming from the school life will be athletic events, parties, out-of-town trips to historic spots, visits to libraries, bus travel in place of the short walk which most of us had when schoolward bound, and many other school-sponsored or induced activities which will know no distinction other than alphabetical arrangements or class division.

To confuse our children even more, in our schools and churches and on radio and TV there is the constant reiteration of the equality and sameness of all people, and the repudiation of any branding whatsoever. As Christians, we foster this and approve of it, but at the same time when we try to point out that certain young people are not "their kind" we give our children the impression that we are hypocrites or snobs. We have said that so many things do not matter that it is hard to bring out some things which do matter. No matter how broad-minded we have become, there are things which do matter and which can bring failure or worse to the youth in our homes. It is necessary to remember that patience and skill are required to steer young people through these hazards without infecting them with cynicism.

Another real problem facing



—Herbert Lanks from *Black Star*

Boys and girls often show more wisdom than their parents in their choice of friends.

youth today is the increasing insecurity felt in the world. When newspapers and magazines and TV programs stress the possibility of another war which may well destroy mankind, youth is inclined to look at all things as relative and temporary. The Hollywood example of quick and frequent divorce without destroying the idolatry in which the stars are held by young and old alike tends to blur the sharp outlines of integrity of earlier days.

We are faced, then, with a demand for real creative thinking as we agonize over the problem of seeing our talented and well-endowed children over the hump into maturity of thought and judgment. No one will do this job for us—all other agencies may help in one way or another, but the eventual answer is with parents.

As the easiest and one of the best ways to help in choosing right companions, we may well consider how important is the maintaining of right attitudes in the home. No matter how cavalierly they may treat us, our children are secretly taking us for example or, at least, as norms of behavior, and in the normal home the young people are rather idealizing one parent or the other if not both. If they can see

in us something attractive, they will either deliberately seek friends who are like us or will measure their friends by us. Many mothers have testified that their daughters rejected man after man until one came along who was "like father," and sons have tried to find someone "like mother." Even though hard, a constant atmosphere of trust, love, respect, happiness, and faith must be kept in the home. And, above all, each child needs to be made an indispensable part of the family circle in which this attitude is maintained.

Another way of helping in the choice of good companions is to commend the associates of our children who are the kind we think most likely to be good in influence. At the same time, direct criticism of the less desirable companions is not advisable; as always, the positive approach is better than the negative. Countless young people have continued with bad associates simply because their parents forbade their seeing them. Suppose that Jane is the girl of whom we approve, and Elsie is in our bad graces, then we might (without doing it too often) inquire if our daughter had seen Jane lately and say some approving word about Jane's manners or outlook on life

—Elsie would not be mentioned. Our silence or lack of warmth when Elsie comes into the conversation will soon register.

Beyond these ways, we know that the home can be the location or point of origin of many activities. Birthday parties or other occasions may be "surprise" events, permitting us to send the invitations to a selected group. If the child is to make the choice, one parent could take time to go over the list and inquire tactfully concerning the particular quality which makes each "invite" one who will add to the enjoyment of

the affair. The question may be raised when the list is completed: "Are these congenial young people, or will there be two or more groups before the evening is over? If there will be groups, why not invite only those who get along together? And which group do you prefer?" In the event that one companion who is not the ideal influence for our child seems to be preferred above all others, he or she may be singled out for an invitation to something which the family does together—an evening outing, a long drive, a picnic. Or

(Continued on page 30)

parent, chum. These will be tabulated on the blackboard. If the result fails to show that the majority were greatly influenced by companions who were their contemporaries put a specific question: "How many feel that different companions might have changed their lives radically?"

The Discussion:

Take up each point made in the article from the angle of each age group, as, "How will the maintenance of a right attitude in the home influence our preschool children? Our primary children? Our children in the older departments?"

Call for additional suggestions; which will be discussed in the same way by application to all age levels.

Break up into small groups for findings. If possible put in one group the parents whose children are juniors, and so forth. Each group will have a specified number of minutes to bring in what it considers the best point made insofar as that age group is concerned.

STUDY GUIDE

The topic for this meeting, "Helping Them Choose Right Companions," is provocative enough to draw a good attendance if properly publicized. If the custom has been to have an outside speaker, perhaps this is a good time to venture out into something different. The members of the group should be able to handle the material themselves.

I. PREPARATION FOR THE MEETING

Secure enough copies of *Hearthstone* to supply all of the prospective attendants at the meetings; arrange to have them distributed on the Sunday before the meeting. Urge all to read the article and jot down notes as they read.

Place copies in the hands of local high school teachers, selected church school teachers, the proprietors of two or three favorite teen spots, and ask them to read and make some comments from their points of view.

Make the following assignments to selected people:

- (a) Gather data on outstanding examples of how companions influenced lives for good or ill.
- (b) Take an informal poll of several church school classes, Scouts, and other groups to find out how the

children selected their "best friends."

- (c) Confer with the pastor to see whether or not there is a local problem of assimilating any particular group of children into the accepted behavior patterns.

Prepare and circulate posters, make announcements of the meeting in calendar or pulpit notices, secure newspaper publicity. Draw up an agenda which will keep the meeting within bounds as to time and matter to be covered.

II. CONDUCT OF THE MEETING

A brief devotional service should be prepared in advance by the leader or a chosen assistant. The material should be slanted toward children and their guidance.

A brief review of the article could be given to bring out the high lights which will come into the discussion. The main points may be placed on a blackboard.

Preliminary to a discussion:

Without introduction, the ones responsible for assignments (a), (b), and (c) will report.

Each one present be asked to state quickly the person who had the most influence on his life—not by name, but as pastor, teachers,

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in such books as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

After the return to the general meeting, further discussion will be invited on the findings of the groups.

III. CONSOLIDATING THE GAINS

While the groups are working, the leader will have formulated a leading statement, such as, "Twenty of us are present, eighteen admit that some other person strongly influenced their lives in childhood, fifteen state that that person was of contemporaneous age. Therefore, the problem for our children in the choice of companions is of vital importance." This statement will be read to the members, and then the leader or someone else will list some principles:

1. We must maintain a wholesome atmosphere in the home by conversation, good literature displayed, selected radio or TV programs, regular family attendance at church and church school, family fun times when all share, family devotions.
2. We must not fail to comment on our child's friends—on the desirable ones directly (but not too often), and on the undesirable ones by silence or by indirection to encourage comments from our child.
3. We must not be too busy to plan occasions when friends of our children may be brought into the home, or

into some outside family activity. On these occasions we will not "preach" at the guest.

4. We must carefully weigh the opinions of our children in evaluating their playmates.
5. We must answer without hedging the questions which our children will bring.
6. (Any other good things brought out in the meeting.)

IV. SUGGESTED READING

Hearthstone, *Secret Place*, *Parents' Magazine*, PTA bulletins, child studies by local social agencies and Councils of Churches, denominational home quarterlies, other books to be selected by the pastor and local librarian.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Very early in the morning ---	123 106 124 116
B To tell tales -----	3 25 18 29 32 2
C To shrivel up, like leaves in the fall -----	16 7 13 66 22 6
D Draw in the breath -----	11 54 37 48 61 42
E Let out the breath -----	47 114 30 53 14 52
F A room just under the roof ---	40 9 34 41 70 56
G To burst into many pieces ---	8 19 38 71 36 24 74
H Blind for the outside of a window -----	49 21 50 68 44 15 57
I What oars are used on -----	60 27 119 129
J A fight, as between armies ---	1 104 4 12 96 73
K Hunting dog -----	76 82 20 45 95 26
L Used a hook and line -----	23 17 90 86 31 55
M End -----	85 64 39 75 101 92
N In the back, or rear -----	89 99 103 128 80 35
O To fit out -----	33 59 72 28 79 65

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130

Solution on page 28

P Animal used for hunting rabbits and rats -----	107 93 46 83 62 102
Q Complain in an unmanly way -	63 118 100 105 87
R To turn or revolve -----	121 58 109 43 126 5
S Tailless, leaping small animal -	120 113 115 78
T Not the same; different -----	84 110 127 122 51
U Competitor -----	88 67 98 108 10
V Bent the head -----	69 97 91 111 117
W To draw off water by degrees -	112 94 77 125 81

Come Over to Our Back Yard

By Louise Price Bell



A WELL-GROOMED back yard is a fine sight. But not when it is so meticulously neat and unusable that it cannot possibly act as a mecca for your own children and their friends. Most mothers would rather hear the hilarious shouts of a group of lively, happy children playing harmoniously in the back yard than to be surrounded with peaceful quiet, have the yard in perfect order and their children somewhere else.

It takes much to make a home, and it takes plenty of activity in a yard to make it an integral part of the home. Playing is important to parents as well as to youngsters. The play spirit is a leavening agent in family life and as essential to it as yeast is to bread. In homes where the play spirit is prominent, youngsters will not look for some other place to go. We all know that there is something vitally wrong when they do.

For the family that has a large back yard and an ample income, the back yard problem is no problem at all. On one short shopping trip delightful playground equipment may be purchased. But families with smaller yards and smaller incomes often feel defeated when they begin to consider the idea of fixing up a home playground for their active offspring. Yet, strangely enough, these are the families who begin to think along these lines first and who make the greatest efforts with the most enthusiasm.

Suppose you live in a tiny house with only a patch of a back yard. Suppose, also, that this yard is almost entirely utilized as a vegetable garden. Fresh beets and

carrots are mighty fine, but if your back yard is not large enough for two crops, it is more important that you raise your children in it than the best, prize-winning tubers.

When the garden of carrots, beets, and cucumbers begins to shrink in favor of a sand pile, some horizontal bars and a lawn shower, when the velvety lawn begins to look a little worn from frequent slides to home base—at that moment family relationships begin to grow closer. Particularly is this true if the youngsters are helping all they can to add to the play equipment. The cement which is bound to join the two generations together is already mixed.

Here is what you can do if you have a tiny back yard and two or three lively youngsters. Dump a large pile of sand into a remote corner, using any lumber you can find to keep it within bounds. Dress up the boards with a coat of green paint to make them inconspicuous against the green of the lawn. A sand pile you will find, is enjoyed through a surprisingly wide age-range.

A seesaw is easily and inexpensively made by laying a twelve-inch plank over a carpenter's horse, or over three pieces of gas pipe joined to form a flattened arch. Either is satisfactory, so use whichever is on hand, and paint plank and support green or some other gay color.

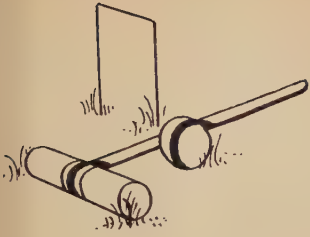
Every child adores a rope swing, and if there is a tree in the yard, it is a simple matter to attach a stout rope to a suitably lateral limb. Lacking a tree, use two

vertical pieces of pipe or wood, and another and shorter piece of the same material, then anchor the vertical pieces firmly in the ground. Attach the rope to the crossbar, notch a smooth, wide board for the seat, and you have your swing.

A merry-go-round may be made from a discarded wagon wheel. It won't be beautiful, but the youngsters will travel all over the world by the "Imagination Route," and its possibilities are as great as those of the truly professional toy-wheels for the same purpose.

Of course, you will want to paint your equipment. According to safety experts' tests, both in laboratories and in actual practice, green is the logical color for slides, is popular, counteracts excessively bright sunlight, and is restful to children's eyes. The steps leading to the slides, however, are more visible when painted yellow, and the contrast between the two colors will attract the small fry's attention to the steps, thus lessening stumbling on the up-trip. Green is also the best color to use for seesaws and teeter-totters, but it's a good idea to paint the edges yellow for greater visibility when children are running about in the home playground. Use the same green on uprights and overhead bars, on swings and swing rings, but paint the seats yellow to make them more easily noticed by the frolickers who might otherwise hit them. By making use of these suggestions, you can make the home playground a safe as well as a jolly place.

If your laundry is done at home,



you probably can't sacrifice your clothes poles, but you can fasten barrel hoops on the sides of the poles and let the youngsters use the space in between as a basketball court — except on washday.

Then there is tennis and badminton, both of which may be enjoyed if you will stretch a net across the yard and supply the players with balls and rackets obtainable at the dime store. If nets seem prohibitive in price, make them by sewing gunny sacks together and attaching them to a piece of clothes line long enough to reach from tree to tree or from pole to pole.

Inexpensive croquet sets may be put up anywhere in the yard where there is room, and the game is always a favorite. If your yard is too small for the children to play both croquet and tennis at the same time, have certain days or hours for each. This will eliminate heated arguments.

No concrete driveway was ever harmed by having a hopscotch diagram chalked on it, for a good hosing will remove the chalk in a jiffy. Discarded rubber heels seem to be the favorite "scotches" in our family.

One father—a shuffleboard enthusiast—painted a shuffleboard form on his driveway. He cut off discarded brooms to the firm, woven part, to be used as pushers; then he got some oblong (instead of round) blocks at his neighborhood lumberyard. The game was as much fun this way as with the curved pushers and round disks, and the youngsters learned to be real players. The father spent all of his spare time trying to defeat them.

Our grandmothers played an old beanbag game which is still popular. It consists of bean bags and a board supported easel-style, with holes put in it large enough for the bean bags to go through. To make the target more attractive to youngsters, it may be decorated with the face of a popular comic strip character, with his eyes, nose and mouth the openings through which the bean bags are thrown. Or, for another version of the game, use mason jar rings instead of bean bags and, as a target, use a square board from the bottom of a wooden box, with five or six large nails driven into it. In either case, the numbers scored by "making" the different pegs or holes are written or painted under each. Gay coverings for the bean bags may be found in any box of scrap material, and if you don't have dried beans or peas, use fine gravel.

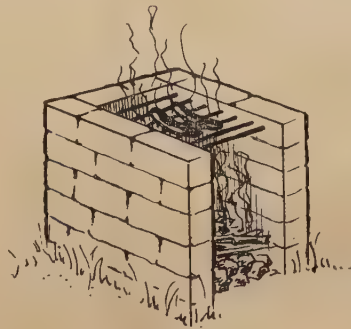
Pitching quoits is fun for children (and grownups) of almost all ages. To make the "court," simply drive two pegs into the ground at the proper distance. Professionally, this is forty feet. But if the youngsters are small, it is better to place them nearer, and gradually

widen the distance as their skill and strength increase. Discarded horseshoes from the local blacksmith make fine substitutes for the genuine quoits. (Here the problem may be to find the blacksmith!)

During hot weather what could be more fun than a permanent or collapsible shower, or a wading pool. For the latter, a couple of old (or new, for that matter) galvanized laundry tubs will serve surprisingly well. If the water as it comes from the faucet is too cool for bathing, fill the tubs ahead of time. Here the youngsters can splash to their heart's content or sail their fleets of little toy boats. With a tub of water and sandpile in his own back yard, what child will need the whole Atlantic ocean and miles of sandy beach?

A playhouse can be lots of fun, and if you cannot afford a "dream" playhouse, at least you can furnish a temporary substitute. If you are lucky, you may find a secondhand tent or, at even less expense, a very large packing box. Or improvise a lean-to by propping several clothes poles against the house or garage. Tack on a waterproof "roof" of oilcloth, tarpaulin, or roofing paper, using an old curtain or drapery for a door flap at each side.

By all means have an outdoor fireplace if possible, for on long summer evenings it will be a source of real enjoyment. Outdoor fireplaces can be as elaborate as one wishes, and instructions for making them may be obtained from any garden maga-



zine. For years our family had a wonderful time with quite an ordinary one made from leftover bricks found in a dark corner of our basement. The youngsters laid the bricks themselves, and no better hamburgers, wieners, or steak strips ever came from an extra fancy barbeque.

If you have any place in your back yard where you can have a roughly built table and benches for outdoor eating, make use of it during the summer months and even in the fall when outdoor picnickers may need sweaters. A long table can be made by the "Handy Andy" in the family from planks (old lumber will do) fastened together on crossed legs. These can be painted or stained when the table is finished. Make the benches in the same way—one plank for the top, crossbars below. With this equipment, picnics at home will be easier to manage. Outdoor eating whets appetites, even for the most ordinary food, and it adds zest to family life in hot weather.

Besides, the children will enjoy the outdoor table and benches for their

(Continued on page 31)



Asked to speak at a meeting or give the devotions, you begin to wonder exactly where you saw that helpful article in

The Secret Place

How many times have you said, "If I could only remember in which *Secret Place* I saw the illustration and material which is just what I need to help me!" And you sighed, "I'd use it if I could only find it quickly."

Or maybe you do not remember any particular article, but you just know you would find plenty to help you in those back issues of *The Secret Place* if you had the time to look through them.

Let me tell you the method I have used since the first issue was published, to catalog the materials in my copies of *The Secret Place*, and of some of the ways I have made use of those materials.

From the first, I realized the potentialities and value of the material for reference and general usefulness. Jean Beaven Abernathy, who edited the first issue of *The Secret Place* (April, May, June 1939), told of the benefit and enjoyment even adults could realize from a story. She wrote, "Jesus recognized our need for simplicity of expression and the use of human experiences to illustrate the profound." She informed her readers that in the themes which would follow, the same techniques would be used. But when I wanted to use some of the material, that which I wanted seemed always to be in one of the other issues, and finally I would have to give up searching for it.

Since so often "necessity is the mother of invention," one day I conceived an idea to remedy my need. I folded a sheet of unlined tablet paper from

a small tablet used for letter writing (half a sheet of typewriter paper is fine too) and began to tabulate the contents of *The Secret Place* before me.

At the top of the first page of the folded sheet I placed the names of the months, the year and the number of the book. April, May, June, 1939, was No. 1, so I pasted that number on the outside. It was necessary to identify each sheet in case it should become separated from the book.

Next, I wrote "April," and began to enter the data day by day. For the first topic I copied, "He Knows Your Worth," and the Bible reference, Matt. 10: 26-33. Since the "Verse for Today" was included in the reference my entry for April 1 was complete. Had this verse not been in the Bible reading for the day, its reference would also have been recorded.

In this way I entered the recording for each day of April, May, and June. It was not a laborious task, for it proved to be a delightful review of the materials as the work progressed. Soon I had a record of the issue which I clipped just inside the cover page, so that it could be reviewed quickly and easily.

I found it took a surprisingly short time to glance down the short pages of the folded sheets in the copies of *The Secret Place* I cataloged. Certain Bible references I wanted could be easily spotted and topic materials enriched my search.

If I should need help about the family I could

By Sylvia Harper

quickly see in No. 1 that April gave the topic, "Joy of Family Worship"; June 21, "The Family and the Household of God"; with a possibility of help from April 14, "A Question for Young Men"; and June 11, "The Child's Appeal."

When I was asked to give a speech on faith, I turned at once to my catalog library of *The Secret Place*. Number 6 (July, August, September, 1940) gave me the following topics: "Faith, a Path to God," "Faith Which Claims," and "Faith Rewarded." Number 7 yielded "Faith for These Times," "Faith in Christ," "Our Positive Faith," and "Wings of Faith." Number 8 contained "A Faith That Costs Something," "Through Fear and Trembling to Faith," "An Enlarged Faith," "The Leap of Faith," "According to Your Faith," and the "Simplicity of Faith." Such examples of topical assistance could be endlessly multiplied.

When I began teaching the Book of James to a high school class in church school, I checked each of the cataloged sheets of the forty-five issues of *The Secret Place* then available. I was amazed to find eighty-nine references to the little Book of James. With the exception of eight (these not essential) every verse was covered, many verses a number of times, giving a wealth of illustrations that interested high school young folks.

Upon my sheet of references I have listed each reference with the month, day and number of *The Secret Place* in which it appeared. Then, as we studied each week, I could quickly find all references

Dust

We lived in dust storms years ago, and saw
The sifting shifting gray through all the
air.

It settled from the weary wind in raw
Embankments leaving fields forsaken, bare.

We lived . . . and prayed for strength
enough to stay

Upon the barren land. In time, the rain
Came back. If dust storms threaten us
today

We shall not fear. God's green will grow
again.

MILDRED FIELDER

as given in the various issues. Many times one copy had references to be used in almost every group of verses we studied.

When we began to study Ephesians, I made a similar survey of the forty-eight copies of *The Secret Place* then available. My survey revealed 197 references to be used in our study of the 155 verses in the six chapters. All except nine verses were covered in this wealth of desirable material with issues number 31 and 36 each having eight references, and numbers 19 and 47 each seven.

Later for our study, a survey of the forty-eight issues showed that all except three of the 104 verses in the four chapters of Philippians were covered with 184 references in forty-seven of the forty-eight copies. Numbers 5, 18, 23, and 24 of *The Secret Place* each contained seven articles.

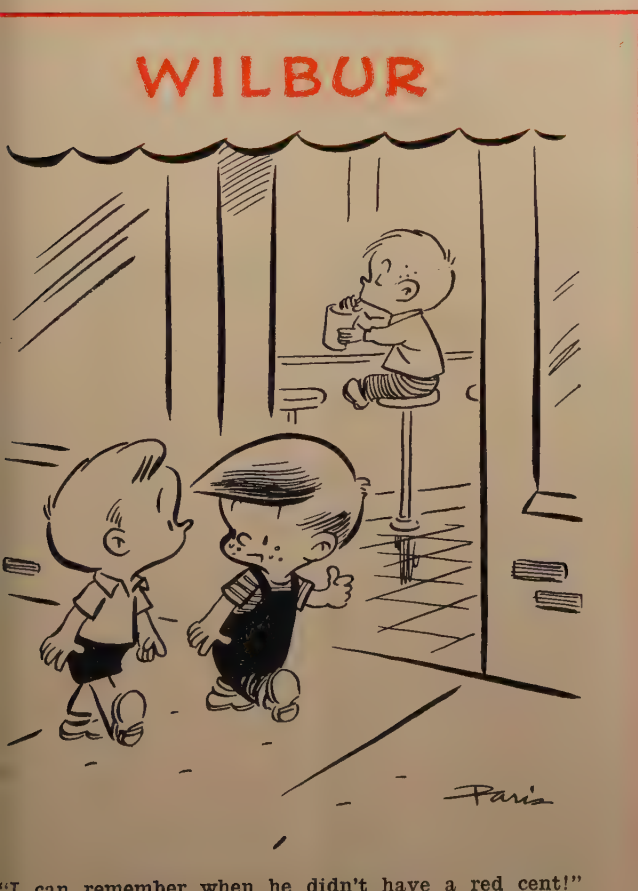
Looking at a more recent issue, number 57 (April, May, June, 1953) I find eighty-eight references from the New Testament and the Old Testament, with twenty-seven from the Psalms, twenty-one from Matthew and twelve from John. It contains seven Philippiian references, six from Ephesians and two from James. Some interesting topics appeal to us—"God Is Able," "Home Attitudes," "Togetherness," "Wishing Wells," "Looking for a Parking Place," and "Knowing God."

We could continue multiplying the uses and joys to be found in our copies of *The Secret Place*. Are you using yours?

But you say, "I didn't keep those back copies." Too bad you never capitalized on this "diamond field" in your own back yard. However, it is not too late to begin with the issues you do have, be it one or more.

As you try to make a more detailed, vital use of your copies of *The Secret Place*, you will find help and joy in entering that "Secret place of the most High to abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

²Some of the articles from *The Secret Place* have been collected in a book entitled *450 Stories from Life*, edited by Leonard Jenkins, Judson Press. \$2.50.



"I can remember when he didn't have a red cent!"

Prayer of a Homemaker

Wrapping a Wedding Gift

Dear Heavenly Father:

For the joy of participating in this wedding happiness of two who love each other accept our gratitude. Let every wedding be to friends a new reminder of the blessings of a happy home.

As we wrap this gift for a wedding, may it be tied with understanding of the opportunities for happiness and with a hope for useful years. Even as we smooth the white tissue and straighten the satin bows, keep us mindful of the need to guard against tension and wrinkles developing in daily problems of living together.

As young couples find pleasure in the beauty of their wedding gifts of remembrance, so let each family cherish its high moments of beauty, holding them as a challenge when problems or sorrows arise.

Regardless of circumstances or age, let hearts keep the great adventure of being wedded to life itself, loving and serving one another and Thee.

Amen.

Ruth C. Ikerman

Tea at 10

(Continued from page 14)

ning, there was always one spot in order—the little old-fashioned table we children called the lunch table. A clean cloth was spread on it all day long. When we grew hungry in the middle of the morning, Mother had us eat a little lunch there.

But on canning days we ate in the yard—that is all of us except the one who was Mother's helper. The one of us who was helping Mother had tea and bread and butter with her.

"It rested Mother," I told myself. "It will rest me. And I'll take time to glance through my new magazine."

I was tempted for a minute to drink my tea at the table littered with cans to be boiled and beans to be washed for the completion of the canning. Then I thought of the clean cloth on the lunch table, and brought out my prettiest cup and napkin for the narrow table in the breakfast nook.

Instead of looking at the new magazine, I looked back into memory land. I thought of my mother's home, the long yard sloping down to a little brook. And I thought of the words Mother often used to say as she sat near the brook, "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I repeated the twenty-third Psalm, and my body was rested, my heart refreshed, my soul lifted. The beans had lost their homely look. They were food for my family—food they would like next winter when the snow came.

So tea at ten became a fixed number on my daily program of life. Soon the family recognized it as the hour when

I rested for the remainder of the morning—this hour when I communed with myself alone; communed with one of my children or a caller; communed with my God.

Sometimes Donald, my youngest son, comes from his homemade laboratory to join me at tea. When I see his boyish face topped with rumpled auburn curls peep through the door of my kitchen or my study as the hands of the clock near ten, I know he wants to share my tea and my confidence.

I have learned chemical formulas at our tea hour together; I have learned that all great scientists are believers in God because they appreciate the wonders of the world. And I have talked frankly with him over the problem of girls, friends, and careers. Yes, tea at ten has helped draw my children and me closer together.

When we are on vacation trips, Henry, my husband, stops the car at some quiet little restaurant for "tea at ten." Often the "tea" is soft drinks or dishes of ice cream, but the rest period, the conversation in which we review the beauties of the morning are akin to the conversation in our breakfast nook on like occasions.

Sometimes we stop in a wooded spot, often at a roadside table, and bring out of the car the thermos jug we have made ready for tea here. As we drink the cold lemonade or ice tea while nibbling cookies, we mull over our trip or the people we have met.

Sometimes Henry looks up at the mountains far away and repeats in his rich voice, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," or one of the younger members of the family repeats a poem

memorized for schoolwork. And though the day will be a long one in which we drive long distances to reach our destination, we have been revitalized for it.

On some days at home, I go to the back veranda and call the aged man, who lives with the family next door to join me at tea. He's "Grandpa" to the neighborhood, but I invite him as "Mr. Scott" because I know he often wants to be an individual.

He comes, his thin hands shaking with palsy. He knows that my cups on the table will be large ones, filled only halfway so that he will not be humiliated by his spilling some of the tea they hold. He loves the little triangles of lemon. I have for the tea, the scones I buy because he likes them so well, and the gay conversation we have together.

His days are heavy because it is difficult for him to hold a book or magazine, because so many people with whom he talks speak about his condition.

But we forget the "condition" and chat about the nest the orioles are building, the zinnias which are just starting to bloom, the cornflowers Henry always grows. He tells me about the birds which used to nest in his barn when he was a farmer, the zinnias his Cynthia grew, the hardy men who were his friends.

Always before he goes home, he bows his head and together we repeat that prayer of Christ, all the world should pray daily, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

That becomes the benediction for our short hour together. As he walks across lots, I notice his hands do not tremble so much; as I go back to my canning or ironing or to my typewriter and desk, my soul, my heart and my body are refreshed, I sing softly to myself.

It is as simple as this, preparing for tea at ten.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Better is a little with the fear of the LORD
than great treasure and trouble with it.
Better is a dinner of herbs where love is
than a fatted ox and hatred with it.

—Proverbs 15:16-17

The Words

A Dawn	L Fished
B Tattle	M Finish
C Withier	N Behind
D Inhale	O Outfit
E Exhale	P Ferret
F Garret	Q Whine
G Shatter	R Rotate
H Shutter	S Toad
I Boat	T Other
J Battle	U Rival
K Setter	V Bowed

W Drain

Family Counselor

We share a duplex apartment with another couple who have a little girl two months younger than our two-and-one-half-year-old daughter. Consequently the two little girls play together almost daily in the common back yard. They play together quite nicely for two-year-olds, and most of their disagreements can be straightened out or charged up to "being two-year-olds." I do have one serious problem, however. My daughter bites—and bites hard. The child next door is the most frequent victim, usually in a fight over a toy; but mother and father have been bitten when trying to persuade her it is time to come home or go to bed or what not, and others have been bitten when relations became strained between them. This urge, if you can call it that, seems so strong in my child that sometimes I am inclined to think it at times expresses affection as well, as she has bitten her playmate without provocation but when she apparently had been in a loving mood toward her. Most often, though, she is provoked.

Supervision is fairly constant, but usually from the dining-room window, which faces the back yard and gives a good view of the whole yard from either side of the duplex. This unfortunate thing does happen, though, in the immediate presence of both mothers, almost without warning.

The other mother has been very good about the situation and has

withheld any personal opinions as to what she thinks I should do, though I know it must upset her to have her child bitten so often. The method I have used most often is spanking. I have also tried bringing her in the house for the rest of the day. Since more than one neighbor has told me it is a serious thing and that in their opinion I should bite my child (and hard) every time she bites, I feel that this must be the opinion of the whole neighborhood. Although I do not feel that this is the thing to do, I have also tried this method, without success.

Perhaps I should mention the fact that we also have a six-month-old baby boy. The little girl has shown some jealousy but she has received lots of love and attention and the situation with regard to the biting habit does not seem to have changed in any respect since his birth. The other little girl is perfectly healthy and normal, the only child in her family. Our child seems to be slightly more aggressive, although the other child is not lacking in aggressiveness. Both are quite lively.

I get the impression that you realize that biting is a rather common occurrence among two-year-old children and that your concern is not so much over the biting as it is over the fact that your daughter bites so frequently and is apparently impervious to any attempt on your part to dis-

courage her doing so. The acuteness of your problem, together with the very understandable embarrassment your daughter's behavior causes you, may tend to make you a bit impatient and to want to hurry up the process of your daughter's growing out of this behavior pattern. And yet it should be said that undesirable as this pattern is, she probably will grow out of it of her own accord within six months or a year.

But you want to know what you can do in the meantime! First of all, you can continue to provide supervision for your child when she plays with her friends and you can try to avert situations in which biting might occur. If, in spite of your supervision, she bites her playmate, don't spank her, as you have found that is not helpful, but neither let her have the toy that provoked the biting. You may even need to put that toy away so neither child can have it for a time. Don't particularly scold your daughter, but direct her into some other activity, or in some cases, take her into the house for a short time. Then let her go out to play again. If she finds that she does not get what she wants by biting and that biting does not get you overly upset, she is more likely to stop biting. Children sometimes misbehave because they like the attention they get because of their misbehavior.

Let me suggest, also, that you do not overlook the possibility that jealousy may be a factor in your daughter's continuing to bite. Perhaps she would have stopped biting about the age of two, had it not been for the arrival of her baby brother. So make certain that you are giving her plenty of attention and affection. In the meantime, if none of the above suggestions proves successful, take comfort in the fact that she will probably outgrow her biting behavior within a few more months.

Donald M. Maynard

Helping Them Choose Right Companions

(Continued from page 22)

the person may be asked to come as an overnight guest. These intimate occasions will give our child the opportunity to compare the chum with his parents and brothers and sisters. He may be trusted to draw his own conclusions.

Also, it may be considered that we are bound to trust the opinions of our children, or at least respect those opinions, if we hope to have them confide in us with confidence. Frequently, our children are better judges of their mates than we are, and it is wise to listen to their views before deciding. Time after time, the son or daughter of a dear friend may appear to us as ideal for our child, and we wonder why our child has passed this person up in favor of someone from a different environment entirely. Then there comes to light the hidden flaws of the first, and the sterling qualities of the second. As one girl expressed it to her mother when she was being urged to date a friend's son, "He always wants to get me in a dark corner, but Jim is always a gentleman." The mother was astonished—her daughter had shown more wisdom than she.

A final way of help is the answering of questions brought out by our children. Why is Jane better than Elsie? What is wrong about riding on the lap of a boy when the car is crowded? The Stelski boys say I am a prude because I won't let them hug me all the time—am I? I could be invited to a party by the handsomest boy in my class, but the girl's parents won't be home and there is no chaperon. But if I do not take this date, this boy will never ask me again. What shall I do? I know that John is not the kind of boy I would want to marry, but is it not all right just to go out with him to have fun? I won't get serious with him.

There are ways, we see, to help our children choose right companions. We will find that one of the most helpful methods is to relate our own youthful experiences, how we made mistakes, and how we were helped by older people to make good friends who have influenced our lives. Nothing is worse than setting ourselves up as samples of the perfect people. It will encourage us to know that the effort is worth while. The mothers of John Wesley, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt were eminently successful in bringing good people into the lives of their sons. What would Helen Keller have been without her friend? Hundreds of illustrations may be found.

As Christian parents we will naturally surround our children with the influence of the church. Through activities there, an opportunity is given to find associates and friends of Christian character and ideals. Here is certainly a field in which home and church should work closely together.

Letter to Beverly

(Continued from page 8)

she thought as she sighed and called for Helen to come into the living room.

"I want to thank you for helping me out," Helen said, "and those ladies do appreciate the ride."

"I'm glad I could do it," Myra said "but I didn't get my letter off. The postman came before I got back."

"How did you enjoy the hobby display yesterday?" Helen changed the subject.

"Oh, fine. But how did you know that I went?"

The expression on Helen's face told Myra that she knew all about it. She had known about it before Myra did. The picture of the whole situation was clear to her now. Helen had called the home department superintendent and told her to ask Myra to help. Helen had purposely enlisted her to go to the polio ward to keep her mind from her loneliness. She had let Bill take her car on Wednesday so she could call on Myra to pinch-hit for her.

For the first time in the five years they had been neighbors Myra felt something stronger than irritation toward Helen.

"Helen," Myra began, sitting up stiffly, "your intentions may have been good but it seems to me that you're trying to fill up my time a little too efficiently to suit me. It's my life and I'll appreciate it if you will let me have a few minutes I can call my own."

Helen's blue eyes bulged in surprise. "I'm sorry, Myra, if you feel that way. I thought it would be best if you could become interested in something outside now that Beverly is gone. I only meant to help."

"A new kind of help, it seems to me."

"Well, you see, I've had two graduate from college and I know sometimes it is bad when parents can't adjust themselves properly. They add to their child's homesickness by writing about how hard it is to get along without him, or they call long distance bemoaning his absence."

"I think I can manage my affairs all right," Myra said shortly. "Now, if you'll excuse me I want to get my letter written." She did not look up as Helen went quietly from the room.

She sat without moving for a few minutes. Then she started the letter, "My darling Beverly," but after she looked at the words for a few seconds she crumpled the page in her hand. She began this time, "Dear Beverly:"

Then she wrote about all the things she'd been doing. When she finished, she realized that she had made only one casual mention of missing Beverly. She told herself that Helen had not influenced the tone of her letter, but she wasn't sure she meant it.

MYRA THOUGHT she would not go back to the polio ward, but when the next morning came she knew she could not fail to keep her promise. And that's

the way it was with her visits to members of the home department that afternoon. When the time came she could not call the superintendent and say that she had changed her mind.

As the days passed unbelievably fast Myra found she was getting glimpses into a world she'd never known. And although she missed Beverly that feeling of smothering loneliness for her had passed. She saw very little of Helen because she had made it clear that she could get along without seeing her.

On the fourth week end after school started Beverly came home unexpectedly and surprised her family. Myra and Sam were eating their evening meal when she arrived.

The excitement did not die down sufficiently for Myra and Beverly to have a long talk until later in the evening.

"You know, Mom," Beverly said, brushing her short auburn hair into place, "you don't know how proud I've been of you. When your letters came they were so interesting that I'd tell everybody about all the things you were doing. And one day Beth said, 'I wish Mom would find herself something to do so she'd get me off her mind. I'm so tired of her writing and saying how much she misses me. If she had something to keep her occupied she wouldn't be so miserable—and neither would I.'"

Myra hesitated a moment, "Well, of course I missed you, but sitting around thinking about it didn't help—so I—I—decided to keep busy." Myra felt guilty. She knew Helen deserved most of the credit but she didn't exactly know how to say it.

"And the only girls in the whole dorm who didn't stick it out were those whose mothers wrote a sob story every day about how they couldn't get along without them; then they'd call every night and the poor things had to go home in self-defense."

"I hadn't thought of it in exactly that way," Myra admitted. "I guess that would be demoralizing."

"I was homesick enough to die for the first two weeks," Beverly said, "but I was determined I wouldn't let you know it. If you'd written a lot of stuff about missing me and wishing I was home I don't know whether I could have stuck it out. Could you tell by my letters that I was homesick?"

Myra had never been more surprised. "I couldn't tell it at all," she said, "not at all." For the first time she realized that her daughter was no longer a baby, she was a woman. Could it be that she was actually more mature than her own mother?

Suddenly Myra thought of Helen. She got up from her chair and started toward the telephone.

"Where are you going?" Beverly asked.

"I'm going to call Helen," her mother said. "She'll want to know that you are home and I—well—I've been so busy I haven't seen her very much lately. I'd like for her to come over and have a nice visit with us."

Take Time, Mother

There's a big steam shovel at work down the street. There is a white picket fence in front of a home, and the gate is shut. And, leaning against the fence, straining his blue eyes to watch the shovel dip and come up, is a sturdy little five-year-old.

A little boy obedient, but oh, it would be so wonderful if one was only closer, and could see the shovel bite into the hill. And, Mother too busy to take him.

But—is Mother really too busy?

I discovered I wasn't one day. I had come to the front door to suggest playing in the back yard. But the words stayed on my lips. There was something about that intent, sturdy little figure—

I gave a quick look around the kitchen. There was nothing that demanded immediate attention.

A few minutes later, a small grimy hand was tight in mine, as we stood close to that marvelous steam shovel, and watched it work. And to make the trip more exciting, the men lifted an excited boy into the cab, and the operator let him touch the magic levers that lifted that wonderful shovel.

What a story a small lad had to tell his father that night!

Another time, the fire engine went by, its siren wailing—a brush fire was out of control. Again Mother took time, and a small lad saw the firemen at work, and maybe a tiny germ of the dangers of fire was planted.

One day, Mother took time to tell her son about the nest building that was going on in the big maple. Later, his father showed him the eggs, and then the tiny birds. They were ecstatic moments for a child.

Another time, when I was busy watering the lawn and the garden, I took time to let him get into his bathing suit. What fun it was to dash in and out of the spray. Who could mind the little extra time it had taken to do the task, when one recalled the happy laughter of a small boy?

One day, Timmy had evidently been trying to remember a story that I had read to him. There was one part he just couldn't remember. So, he came to me, confident that Mother would know.

I was busy making cookies, but I found time to read the story of the



Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat. One reading was enough. Satisfied he went on with his play. Mother had taken time.

Are you so intent on your daily tasks that you forget those brief, fleeting moments that mean so much in the building up of a child's faith in home and family?

Take time, Mother, before it's too late.

By Florence J. Johnson

Come Over to Our Back Yard

(Continued from page 25)

school, church and Scout group get-togethers, and it will save much wear and tear on the house if they are entertained outside. The table can be a game table as well as a dining table if "handy Andy," while he is painting the top, decorates it with a checkerboard.

The benefits to be derived from a back-yard playground are almost too numerous to list. One result which we have not yet suggested is that it will keep your children off the streets at a time when, according to the National Safety Council, so many children are killed or injured in motor accidents.

The less money you invest in the equipment for your playground, and the more interest, resourcefulness, energy and labor it requires from parents and children, the greater will be your children's appreciation of it. It will bring parents and children closer together, giving them long-to-be-remembered opportunities to work and play together. The children will not want to wander away from home, but will proudly and enthusiastically call to their playmates, "Come over to our back yard!"

Beware of Your Wants

(Continued from page 13)

Let your conversation not be just between the two of you. Include God. Try to find what the religious interpretation of some particular situation might be. Above all, set aside specific times for devotions, as a family, and individually. Be as concerned over this development in your child's life as you are over his educational and social opportunities.

Budget your time. How much of a week is spent at the country club, how much at the church? Do you rush through the morning devotional so that you will have ample time with the newspaper? If you are hurried, what is the first thing you leave out?

Watch your own example. What the oldsters are, the youngsters become, only, with their vim, even more so. "Don't send your children to church school. Take them!" has been so often repeated that unfortunately it means too little. In reply to the question, "Shall I teach my child to pray?" Carlyle answered, "Never, unless you pray with him!"

And remember: one day as a parent you will be summoned before that court

where it will be determined whether you have been faithful to your responsibilities, most important of which are your children!

Let us pray that the Great Judge may be pleased.

"Our Father Taught Us"

(Continued from page 11)

right paths when they were young. Will once exclaimed to a visitor admiring the awards they had won, "To be frank about it, we have accomplished much, my brother and I. But we *should* have done great things; we were given the opportunity. We were born at the right time and to the right parents. . . . We were not geniuses. We were only hard workers. We were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming. We learned from our father."

Throughout their life, in all they did, whenever they accepted awards, the phrase, "Our father taught us . . ." was often on their lips.



Those Neglected Children

There are about 400,000 of them. There were 385,000 of them in 1952—children who were brought before our nation's courts as "delinquents." People who know say that these children are not inherently or incorrigibly bad. Probably they are just what we have called them, neglected children.

Most of them are neglected by their parents. They are the products of broken homes. They come from homes where parents do not greatly care what happens to them and who give little supervision to their activities. They live in slums where they are the victims of insecurity, physical want, undernourishment, physical handicaps. Their parents may be forced by economic conditions to work and thus are unable to give necessary guidance even though they may want to do so.

They are also neglected by the courts. There are only 200 special children's courts in our country today. Forty of our states have no such courts and neglected children are turned over to the courts which are not trained to handle the special problems of neglected children. Even in New York state, where probably more children's courts are found than anywhere else only forty-two per cent of the children received the proper type of treatment recommended for them.

They are neglected by all of us. To put it more pointedly, they are neglected by *you*. Even if they are not your children, even if they are not remotely related to you, they are your responsibility. They are children of society which is all of us.

All of us need to show much more concern for these 400,000 stumbling little ones. One of the chief ways we neglect them is by failing to provide sufficient funds to set up means of working with them. Does your community have a Children's Court?

Christian people ought to know more about this important problem. A good place to start would be to study, either individually or in a church study group, the Public Affairs Pamphlet, No. 207, *Children in Court*, by Helen Puner. You can secure it

for 25 cents from Public Affairs Pamphlets, 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Good Solution for an Old Problem

Almost as puzzling a problem as what to do with old razor blades is what to do with your old magazines.

You cannot save them forever, though some of us try to do so. Eventually they have to go, or you have to rent a storehouse. Most of us finally give up and turn them over to the paper drives sponsored by the Boy Scouts, the lodge, or the church.

A really constructive solution is available to all who want to take the trouble. There is an organization called Magazines for Friendship which will put you in touch with significant persons in other countries to whom you can send your old magazines. Here is a real contribution nearly every home can make to the cause of international understanding. Of course, only the best magazines, which give an accurate, undistorted picture of life in these United States should be sent. Church publications especially, including *Hearthstone* if you can let your copy go, are good for this purpose. No pulps, comics, sensational rags, or jingoistic publications should be sent.

Write to Magazines for Friendship, Inc., Occidental College, Los Angeles 41, California, and you will receive mailing instructions, address lists, and magazine labels. Include postage for these since this service is given without pay.

Christian Education Week

Falls during September 26–October 3. The theme this year is "The Bible in the Home." Is your church planning to observe this occasion? Why not look into the matter and see if something cannot be done to secure the cooperation of church and homes in making this week one of the outstanding ones of the year. Materials for this observance are available through your directors of Christian Family Life, or from the National Council of the Churches of Christ, 79 East Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.

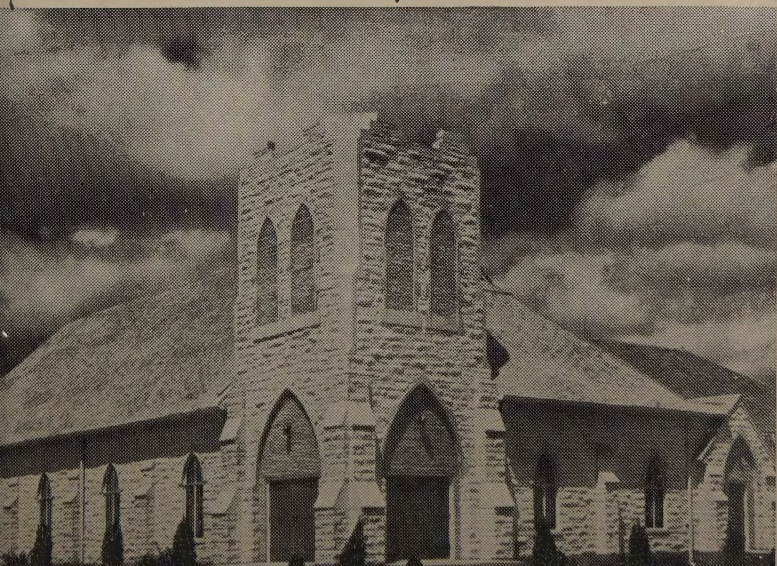
Let
Hearthstone

Be a

LINK

Between
Home and Church

Put It
in
**Every
Home!**



WHERE JESUS WALKED by Sanford Fleming. A book that takes you on a devotional tour of the Holy Land—along the shores of Galilee, the streets of Jerusalem, wherever you can find a more vital fellowship with the Master. Each of the twelve chapters combines accurate historical and geographical information with a deep understanding of the spirit of the Holy Land and its people. It helps to interpret more fully the inner, basic truths of Christ. For teacher, pastor—all who, from the pulpit or classroom, would tell Christ's life. Illustrated with recent photographs and end-paper maps. \$2.50

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH? by G. Curtis Jones. Through the masterly use of stories, conversations and live illustrations, this inspiring new book brings Christian stewardship from the confusing abstract into concrete situations we all have experienced. Washable plasticolor cover, \$1.25

THE PRICE AND THE PRIZE by Culbert G. Rutenber. The meaning of our Christian faith explained for youth and laymen. Dr. Rutenber sets forth clearly and simply the great truths of God's relation to man—explaining the redemption that takes place through Christ, and how that can give our lives real meaning. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00

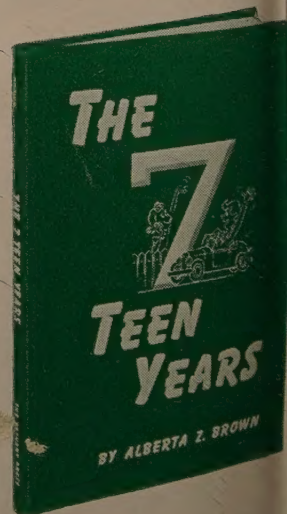


BETWEEN-TIME MEDITATIONS by Samuel F. Pugh. These 51 verses (both rhymed and unrhymed) convey their beautiful and moving messages in a freshness of expression entirely free of banal sentimentalisms. In each one, whether or not it speaks directly of God, the depth of the poet's religious experience is clear. *Imitation leather and gold, \$1.00; Decor paper, 50 cents.*

THE ORBITS OF LIFE by Jack Finegan. Essays which face the problems of life and turn to our Christian heritage (as preserved in the Bible) for guidance. Beginning with how our life is confused, the reader is led to a biblical vantage point from which to look at uncertainties ahead. The essays then go on to work Christians are called to do and ways of finding strength to do it. Subjects include: the way of achieving "unconscious" religion, how to pray, the inner sources of strength, and six tests for telling right from wrong. Lucid illustrations and practicality make this book memorable. \$2.50

RHAPSODY IN BLACK by Richard Ellsworth Day. The full-length biography of John Jasper, the slave who became one of Virginia's best-loved preachers. Tells his background, work in Richmond tobacco houses, his conversion, and final fame. Two great sermons are given in full. Early Richmond comes alive as does the spirit and heart of John Jasper whose unshakable faith has a message for us today. \$2.50

THE 7 TEEN YEARS by Alberta Z. Brown. Popular as a "convertible" among teen-agers, but more within their reach! Explains problems and opportunities they face regarding body, home, education, money, leisure, friends, religion, attitudes, the world and future. Written in a casual, friendly manner discussing: envy, "thrill" activities, taking life's ups and downs, dating, family, etc. Delightful cartoons. \$1.50



MY HOME, MY FRIENDS, GOD'S OUTDOORS, MY CHURCH. Four lovely 32-page books for two-year-old children. Each has richly colored pictures, child-life and Bible stories, table graces and verses to sing. All stories are in the areas of experience through which a two-year-old may be led to a beginning knowledge of God. \$1.50 per set of four.

STORIES FROM CHURCH. Four 32-page books for three-year-old children. There are appealingly illustrated stories in color about how Jesus went about doing good, a baby brother, feeding the birds, friends at church, learning to do things, fun at home, when Jesus was a baby, etc. Also songs and prayers. 35 cents each.

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